TCHOTCHKE

issue

oregon voice

OREGON VOICE

VOL. 36
ISSUE 2

Oregon Voice Staff

Printed by University of Oregon Printing & Mailing Services

The University of Oregon's student run arts and culture magazine since 1989.

Contact Us
oregonvoice@gmail.com
@instaoregonvoice

issuu.com/ovmag

Table of Contents

1-2 ..... Emma Harris
5-6 ..... May Byrne
7 ..... Elsa Rogers
8 ..... Brooke Hatchman
11 ..... Taylor Herriot
12 ..... Zoe Maitland
14 ..... Evan Giordano
16 ..... Isabella King
17-18 ..... Aviann Castro
19 ..... Elsa Rogers
20 ..... Sophie Turnbull
21 ..... Taylor Herriot
22 ..... Brooke Hatchman
24 ..... Dani Jacobs
25 ..... Taylor Herriot
26 ..... Isabella King
27 ..... Danielle Richard
28 ..... Landon Romo
31 ..... Elsa Rogers
32 ..... Brooke Hatchman
35 ..... Peiyu Li
36-37 ..... Stella Kim
38 ..... Peiyu Li
39 ..... Tristan Samiee
40 ..... Aliza Benor

Letter from the Editor

Tchotchke, the muse of the maximalist. The grandmother special. The color-adder, the memory-keeper, the space-taker, the little things we won't get rid of even when our desks and bookshelves are all out of room. We spend our lives accumulating things—buying them, making them, trying to figure out what to do with them. What do you do when you just can't find a place for all your knickknacks? Put them in the magazine, of course! Consider this issue an ode to all the garbage we keep around to make a place home.

Special thanks to Helena Gallivan for photographing all of the trinkets in the I-Spy! Check it out on page 9.

tchotchke

from Yiddish
noun|CHAHCH-ke

a small decorative object
a knickknack or trinket

this

o

Carabiner

Machine (robot sex???)

Letterboxd

Radiohead

LA

Meet Ethel Cain at the club

Topless

Gluten free

Family Feud

Hinge date

Synthesizer

Dry january

r *that*

Keyring

The Flesh

Airbuds

Enjoy your day

Walkable City

Meet Editor-in-Chief Danielle at the club

Winnie the pooh style

Vegan

Wheel of Fortune

frat party (THROWING UPPPPPPPPP)

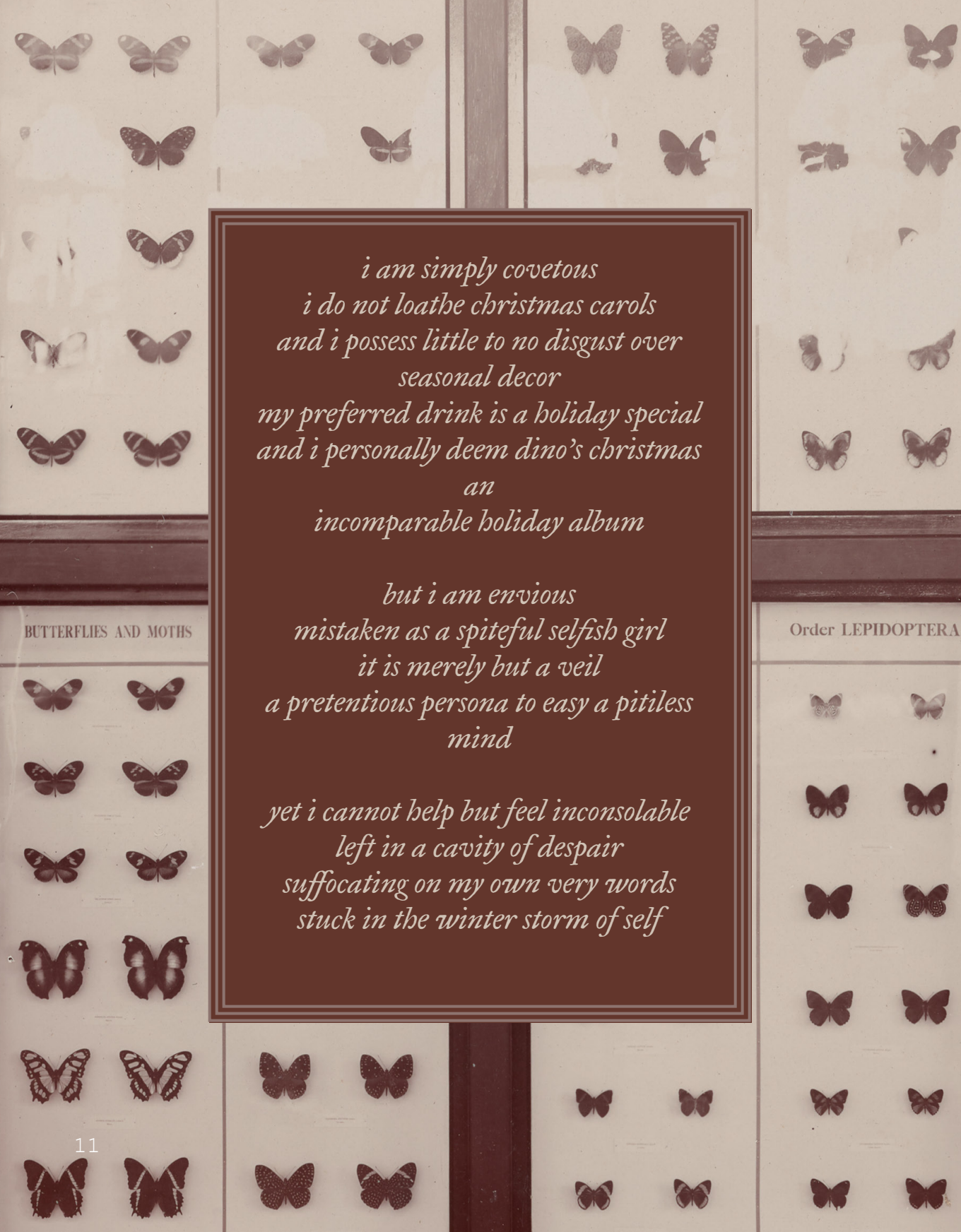
Real-life instruments

Blue Moons at Max's

is it not lovely
to hold something loved so much
by who came before?
MEMORY
MEMORY

I spy a friendship bracelet, two plushies,
three calico critters, pochacco, and a lighter

A sonny angel, a deck of cards, eight rocks,
a tube of lipstick, a shot glass, and a snail



i am simply covetous
i do not loathe christmas carols
and i possess little to no disgust over
seasonal decor
my preferred drink is a holiday special
and i personally deem dino's christmas
an
incomparable holiday album

but i am envious
mistaken as a spiteful selfish girl
it is merely but a veil
a pretentious persona to easy a pitiless
mind

yet i cannot help but feel inconsolable
left in a cavity of despair
suffocating on my own very words
stuck in the winter storm of self

Question 1:

What is your favorite Littlest Pet Shop toy?

The bumblebee!

The purple poodle

#465 and #466 together

The deer with them big eyes... so beautiful

The deer!

The gerbil that looks high

CHOOSE YOUR

TCHOTCHKE

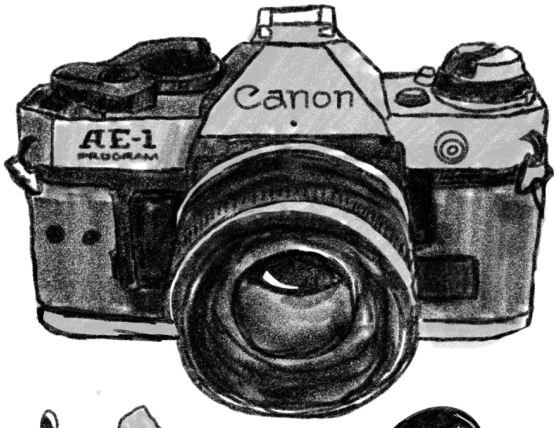
Echotchke Hunt

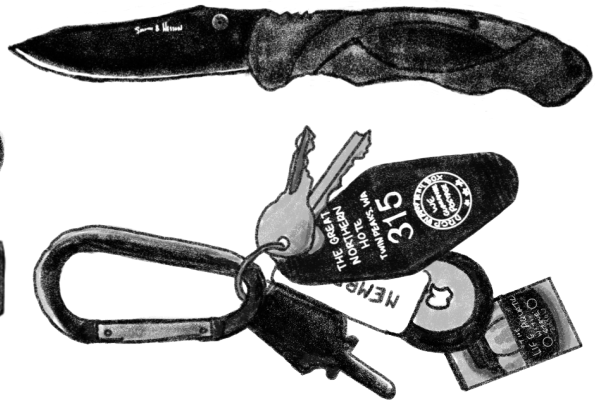
a o c s e g e b u n n i e s
i t e l n n l l m c n a e s
o e o a k o l n h i o a k o
t m s k b m o i i g t n i f
i s o h u e d a v a e t t d
t s u s t h f h p r e i s a
w c v o t u l c o e l q c e
e a e y o t a y r t b u h p
e r n r n e m e c t m e g i
c f i t c a i k e e i a i g
l a r a t c n l l u h e n e
n c s m a u g e a t t y o o
e e i c e p o t i o e i b n
l l a b h t o m n a n l i a

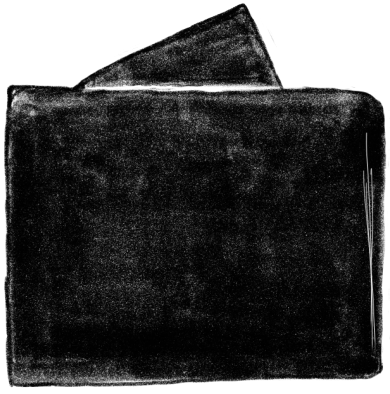
Antique
Flamingo
Matryoshka
Keychain
Gnome
Porcelain
Souvenirs
Scarface
Teacup
Button
Bunnies
Doll
Mothball
Cigarette
Kitsch
Twee
Thimble
Pigeon

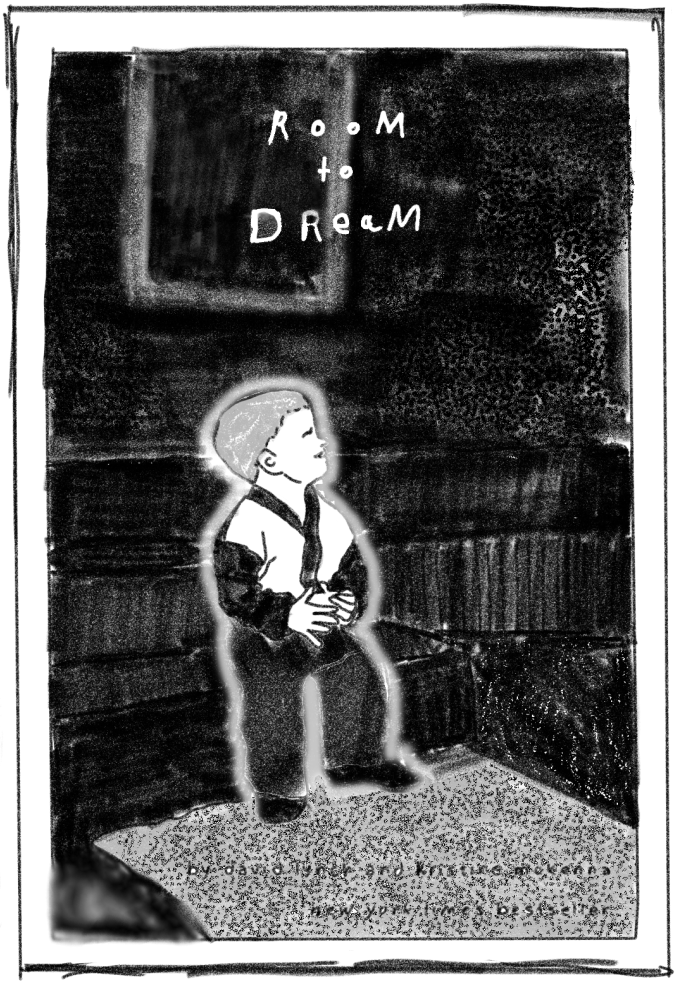
LET ME GET MY THINGS

by Else Rayon









The Resurfacing Lip Gloss

By Sophie Turnbull

A brand new lip gloss. As you unscrew the cap a sense of excitement fills your body. Is it the pretty packaging and the aesthetic colors that make this sensation so exciting? Or is it the fact that you svpent an absurd amount on a small tube of beauty? A sense of protection fills your mind as you promise yourself that you won't lose this tube of gloss. But in reality, the second you take your eyes off that lip gloss you lose it. It's like this product has feet and your eyes are its leash. As soon as that leash comes off, it runs. At least until it runs back and resurfaces in the bottom of the washing machine, or your drawer, or even found in your bed as it's the only thing that made it home with you after a night out. This resurfacing lip gloss will never be finished as it spends more time missing than used.

A brand new lip gloss, that loses its new shine as soon as you put it in the back pocket of your favorite pair of jeans. More times than not I find that this gloss slips out of my pocket the instant that I sit down. The likelihood of finding it depends on how distracted I am leaving that area until I realize I lost it and backtrack to find it again. Here is when I put it right back in this same pocket, where the cycle of the resurfacing lip gloss repeats.

Or how about a lip gloss on a night out? After putting your brand new lip gloss in your purse, you think that the zipper will hold on to this lip gloss tighter than you. But you forget that you are the one holding the purse. Soon enough that zipper is no protection to your gloss as you forget your purse. These nights are the nights that you really test your luck with your new lip gloss. Now as your purse has been missing most of the night it somehow finds its way back onyour shoulder as the cycle of the resurfacing lip gloss repeats.

Or how about the washing machine's lip gloss? The repeat of stress that comes with losing your new lip gloss, until you do your laundry and find it warm, but still intact, at the bottom of your washing machine. You are beyond grateful that it showed up but are confused as to which pocket it came out of. Although the stress of losing that gloss was more extreme than it should have been, you somehow find yourself in the same situation the next time you do laundry. And the constant cycle of the resurfacing lip gloss continues.

Now sure, maybe some of you are normal and able to keep a leash on that new gloss of yours, but for most of us this gloss will continue to be lost, and found, and lost, and found again. Maybe until it is lost forever. And when it's finally gone forever you realize you never really used your new lip gloss. That excitement of unscrewing the cap only came a few times, as most of the time when you reached for the gloss it was nowhere to be found.

to be an evergreen
the beauty of an evergreen
forever standing throughout
all seasons
the surroundings will
brown, beginning to wilt

to the eye perennials be-
come dull
a brown stain on what
once was a vibrant canvas
a sore of the eye

while the evergreens
well the evergreen, is ethe-
real as always
it's beauty untouched
it's saving the canvas

i'll never be the evergeen

QUESTION 1

if you found a cursed item...

what would you do?

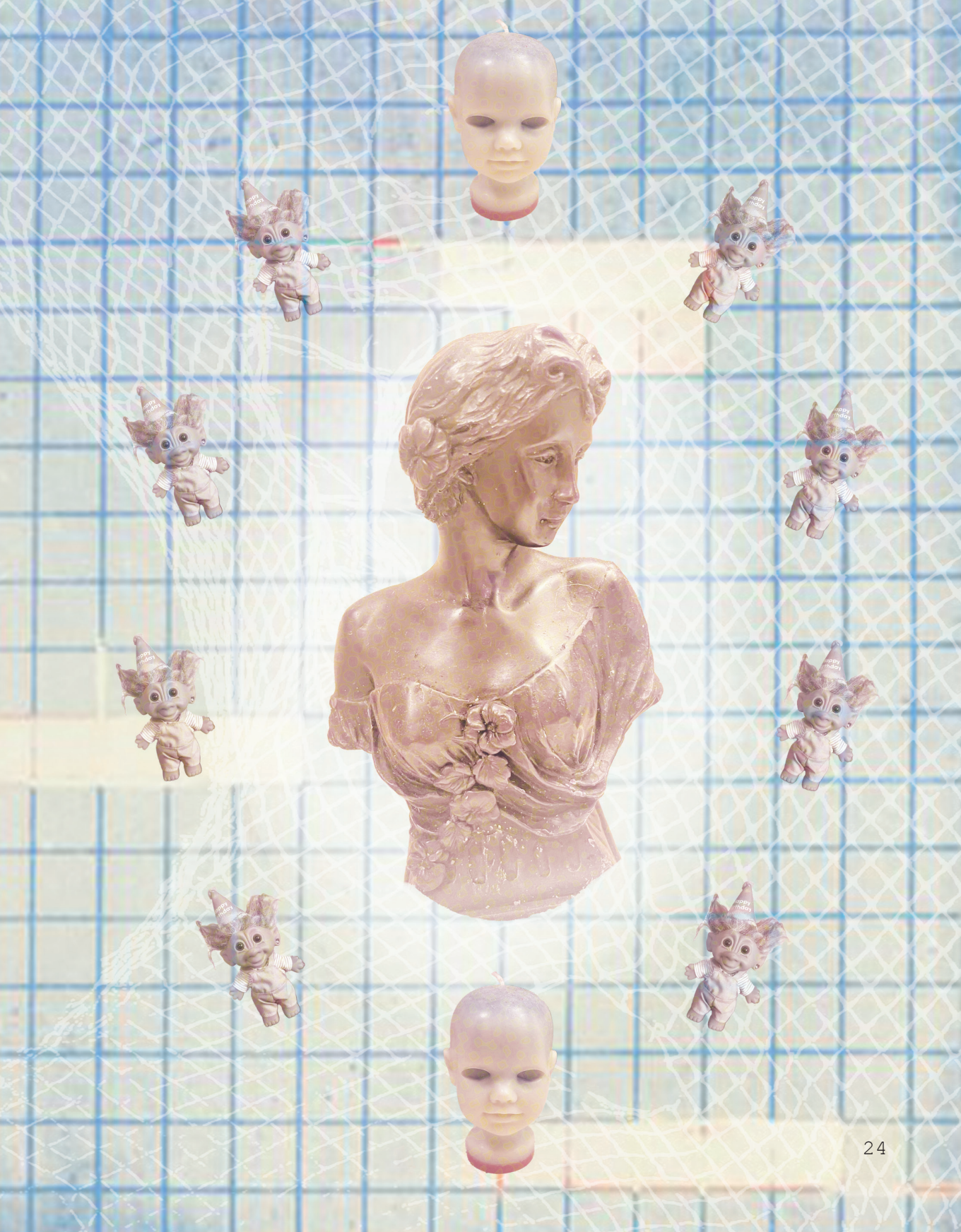
dance and skip around with it

wear it and rock it with the time i had left before the curse took over and transformed me

assuming you mean the amulet, i would keep it with me at all times

keep the amulet safe

eat it!



i'll scrub til i've boiled the ocean
desperate to remove you from
my skin
to cleanse myself of your lust

i'll scrib until skin is raw
til waters run red
washing me of your sin

but you're there still
you're inside me
lingering inside

and i am nothing but skin
raw and disdained

Where Things Go

by Danielle Richard

I grew up in a house with air vents on the floor. They had removable covers, under which was a big hole that the air blew through. As a child, I would take the cover off and throw my brother's toy soldiers into the hole. There they went, never to be seen again. I wonder, now, if he had any idea that I was disposing of them or if he just believed that he kept misplacing them, the box becoming emptier and emptier each time he looked. Something so small as a toy soldier is easy to misplace. I'm not sure if I would have noticed, either, if my younger sister was putting a few in the various voids of the house—air vents, cabinets, junk drawers, and garbage disposals. Would you?

There were many tiny things in childhood that disappeared from me—and many things I disappeared. A favorite littlest pet shop, a ring from my mom, my first flip phone, a tamagotchi, a cat plushie, and a white sweater. I lost these things and wondered after them for a long time. Perhaps I left it in a restaurant, or I gave it away, or it got lost in the move. Maybe it was stolen at the airport or at school or maybe I accidentally put it in the garbage. Or maybe it's still around, in the back of the closet, under the bed, or in the cabinet under the sink. Maybe if I check just one more time, maybe if I cross my fingers, maybe if I repeat it's name over and over and over until I fall asleep, I'll find it.

Of course, I never found any of them. Despite all the wishing, they never came back. Perhaps karmic punishment for the toy soldiers. Or my parents' decorative candles that I'd make crescent moons in with my fingernails. Or their suncatcher that my brother and I buried in the yard. Or any number of other peoples' things that I've broken, shattered, stolen, or lost. Retribution for all my childhood devilry. Or maybe everything is right where I left it, and I just have to keep looking.

Instagram Poll #3

WHAT

do you

COLLECT?

Cute packaging

Kewpie Babies

French barettes

CDs

Little figurines

Cursed amulets

Luv

Dolls

Postcards from art museums

Magnets

Art supplies

Psychosexual fascination

Crystals

Business cards

Sonny Angels

Stickers

Toys

Their Things

By their very nature things have a tangibility to them that memory cannot compare itself to. The collections that others spend their lives adding to, whether they consist of barbed wire, rocks, Coleman lanterns, stamps, uranium glass, vinyl records, mirrors, carry meaning to those people for reasons unknown, and meaning to the rest of us because they belong to another.

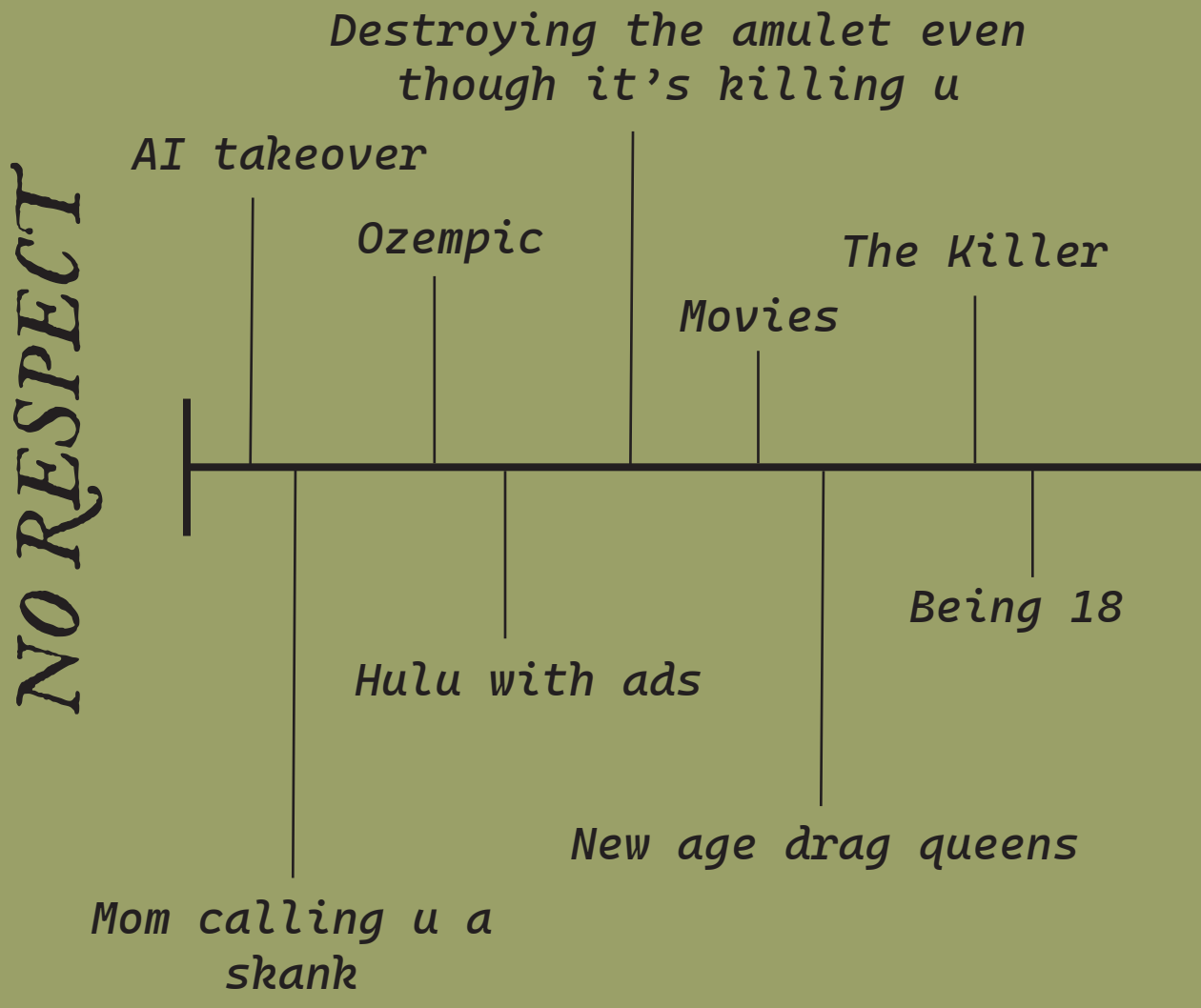
These beloved items that are used to define our memories of others have a special potency to them, I think. I cannot touch those who are gone but I can put my hands where theirs were once and feel them that way. When I wear the bolo ties fashioned by my great grandfather from his agates, thundereggs, and miscellaneous other geological acquisitions and I picture him in his shop-or, more accurately, I'm told, den-hunched over a worktable polishing his finds.

I never met him. I've never been to the house he called home. But, when I see this bolo tie, I can't help but think of Badger Bud.

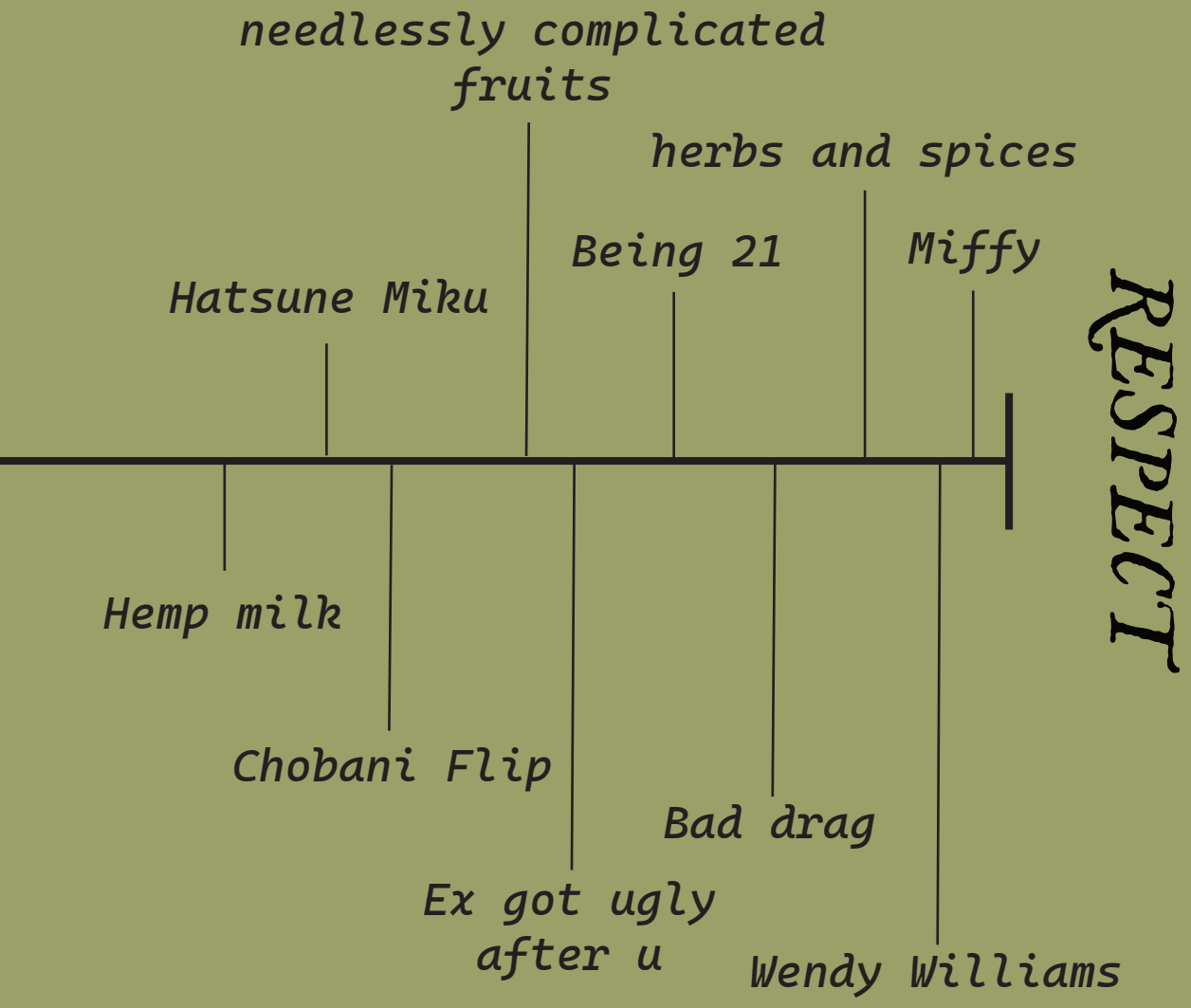
Isn't that magical?

their origins in European designs, but the
Yankee ingenuity. The idea began in
y throughout New England – including
and into the Midwest ar
ctical than the traditions

RESPEC


NO RESPECT
Destroying the amulet even though it's killing u
AI takeover
Ozempic
Movies
The Killer
Being 18
Hulu with ads
New age drag queens
Mom calling u a skank

TRUM


needlessly complicated fruits
herbs and spices
Being 21
Miffy
Hatsune Miku
RESPECT
Hemp milk
Chobani Flip
Ex got ugly after u
Bad drag
Wendy Williams

There is a woman hiding in the circuitry of my computer.
She sleeps awfully and when the fan breathes she breathes and it is all laborious.
She is burning the wires and twisting them like soft, straw hair. And her hair and her body–my eyes turn bloodshot just to see her.
She reminds me of the moon, of the reflection on the water. *I think all women remind me of the moon.*

And the screen is warm against my cheek; soft, even. Where I touch it
the colors distort around my pressure.
I can see the pixels turn strange underneath my skin, and I think of link decay.
Each dead pixel in the corner of the screen is a ghost.
An empty grave and she tells me
That's where I'll go when I die. That's the type of rot I can

afford. And I ask her a bad question
and she doesn't answer.
So I feel bad for asking at all.
So I weep for her and my tears turn the computer sticky with the salt. I feed her dead files and flies
and I love her like the wet on the glass of the window.
I want to scream for god, but I won't.
I am cluttering the desktop like flower stems browning the water and making algae in the vase.
It's the proof of love she tells me. *It's suffocation.* Touch it and feel it dry out on your skin and feed it. Flower food.
Oh, god I say *I am afraid.* I can't see behind the archive I've built, can't see through the particles. I press harder against the screen, trying to meld our skins, willing my body to change.
Tell me about your circuitry and I'll tell you about the nutrients lost to the concrete.
I'll tell you about the layering stains from dead leaves and old paint.
I'll tell you about the oil slick and lie and say it comes from my hair, gets on my fingers, and how it covers everything.
We drink from it, ever since it got down the drain.
Make it disgusting, make it horrible. Fingers pruned with it.
She tells me *We don't need to be redeemed.*
But where do I find purity if not in flesh?
Pushing the wires through my arms and making a mess of it, trying to take her inside of myself.
I tell her
Did you know that the creation of life can really be started with eating. One thing eats another and then they become the same organism. One lives inside the other. Over and over again, consuming! And that is creation. I think of the water and the air and the bubbles,
Since that's what it started with.
Then you eat and swallow and take on pieces of it, hold its memories 'til they bleed into your own. 'Til your person become vestigial.
That's real love she tells me.
When she goes, I go with her.

The Mystery

A hole in the yellow cake
left resting on the counter,

about the size of a toddler's fist.
Young man Benton rolls in.

He climbs his step-stool to inspect
the damages.
Did you do this to the cake?

No, he says. It was
Mr. Nobody.

OV
25